

Doctor 1121

Chapter 1121: Instant Kill

In Lin Xiaotian's eyes, Fang Bai, who was steadily approaching, held behind his calm and composed face a kind of unfathomable mystery that was impenetrable to others.

It was this very enigma that made Lin Xiaotian feel an indescribable pressure.

Such pressure Lin Xiaotian only experienced when facing Vast Level Perfection experts like Dragon Tiger Palace Master Ye Menglong.

"This guy is actually a powerful hidden expert!"

Lin Xiaotian was silently surprised, feeling a certain wariness towards Fang Bai. He then remembered when he had severed the Iron Chain Bridge, Fang Bai, along with Han Xingyu and dozens of other martial artists, had fallen into the ravine. Surely, they bore deep hatred in their hearts towards the disciples of the Dragon Tiger Palace. Now that Fang Bai appeared here, having just slain six of its disciples, it was obvious that he had come for revenge.

"It seems that a fierce battle is inevitable today!"

Lin Xiaotian's eyes narrowed slightly, and a sharp glint flashed within them as he watched Fang Bai, who was now just a few dozen feet away. Lin Xiaotian quickly gathered his True Yuan, fully prepared for the fight.

"Even if he's strong, he is but one man, while we have three Vast Level experts and over a dozen Desolate Level experts on our side. We do not need to fear him!"

Lin Xiaotian reassured himself.

As for Hu Ren, Miao Feng, and Hu Yi, the family of three watching from a distance, Lin Xiaotian did not take them seriously. In his view, even if the three of them joined forces with Fang Bai, it would not have any significant impact on the battle.

"You people from the Dragon Tiger Palace have made a foolish mistake!"

Fang Bai stopped thirty feet in front of Lin Xiaotian and his group, his gaze sweeping over them, expressionless as he spoke, "There's one thing you shouldn't have done: severing the Iron Chain Bridge while I was on it! Do you know what I hate the most? It is my life being threatened. And by cutting the bridge, I sensed full malice from the Dragon Tiger Palace! Therefore, I'm going to kill you!"

Fang Bai spoke these words slowly, as if discussing an insignificant matter, then added, "You have two ways to die: first, end yourselves; second, let me do it. Choose for yourselves!"

Lin Xiaotian and the others did not expect Fang Bai to start with those words, and they seemed as if they had heard the world's funniest joke. After a brief moment of stunned silence, they looked at each other and burst into uproarious laughter.

"Laugh... laugh... soon you won't have the chance..."

Fang Bai's lips twitched slightly as he muttered to himself.

"I've seen many arrogant martial artists, but one as outrageous as you, this is my first time encountering!"

One of the stewards standing next to Lin Xiaotian stopped laughing as his face instantly turned cold. Pointing at Fang Bai, he demanded, "Tell me, are you the one who just killed six of our Dragon Tiger Palace disciples?"

Fang Bai glanced at the Steward of Dragon Tiger Palace and nodded, "Yes! Now it's your turn!"

"Ha ha... You want my life? Then come and take it, if you have the ability..."

Before the Steward of Dragon Tiger Palace could finish his sentence, his vision blurred, and a bloody streak of blade light sped before him, rapidly expanding in his sight. Before he could even cry out, the Protective True Essence around his body was easily torn apart like paper by the crimson blade light. The next moment, his consciousness was swallowed by endless darkness.

The few Dragon Tiger Palace disciples standing next to the steward were startled by Fang Bai's lightning-fast strike, hastily dodging and forming their own Defense Qi Shields to avoid being injured by Fang Bai's attack.

However, after that fierce strike, Fang Bai didn't launch a second attack but stood proudly in place, looking down on Lin Xiaotian and the others with disdain.

Lin Xiaotian and the others then noticed that a blood-colored long saber had appeared in Fang Bai's hand at some point.

The dazzling, eye-catching blood-colored saber light, which had been astonishing in its momentum, was unleashed from that blood-colored long saber.

Thinking of the target of that saber light, Lin Xiaotian and the others' hearts suddenly leaped as they turned their heads to look, only to be stunned, their expressions filled with terror.

The Steward of Dragon Tiger Palace, who had openly challenged Fang Bai and laughed, saying, "If you want my life, come and take it," now had a long bloodline running down from the top of his head, with fresh blood continuously oozing out.

Then, the bloodline widened, and the oozing blood turned into squirting.

After that, the Steward's body slowly split into two halves along the line of blood, collapsing to both sides, with internal organs tumbling out onto the ground, mixed with the blood, creating a horrific and nauseating sight.

That swiftly executed blood-colored saber light had, in a flash, cleanly severed the Steward of Dragon Tiger Palace, a beginner Vast Level Expert, into two pieces.

Looking at the blood-colored long saber in Fang Bai's hand, which exuded a strong killing aura and heavy scent of blood, all the disciples of Dragon Tiger Palace on the scene, including Lin Xiaotian, felt their legs weaken, and those of fainter heart had already collapsed to the ground in terror.

"Senior... misunderstanding... everything before was a misunderstanding... we... can talk this out..."

Seeing Fang Bai's gaze suddenly turn toward him, Lin Xiaotian's eyelids twitched wildly, and he managed to squeeze out a smile, his tongue and teeth trembling as he spoke.

Fang Bai had just instantly killed the Steward of Dragon Tiger Palace with a single slash, demonstrating overbearing strength. Although Lin Xiaotian was an intermediate Vast Level Expert, he knew that if Fang Bai had aimed that slash at him, he would have been utterly unable to defend against it, and even if he didn't die, he would have suffered severe injuries.

And with severe injuries, he would definitely be unable to withstand Fang Bai's second strike, which would surely result in his certain death and a dismal end similar to that of the slain Steward.

This middle-aged man's strength seemed to surpass even Ye Menglong, the Dragon Tiger Palace Master; from where had emerged?

Hu Ren and his family, who were spying from a distance in the bushes, were also stunned by Fang Bai's strike.

A moment later, Hu Ren managed to suppress his excitement and said to his wife and son, "Senior Bai's strength is comparable to the Dragon Tiger Palace Master! Encountering him is a fortune for our family! Yi'er, you must show even more respect to Senior Bai. If he is pleased and gives you a few pointers, you will benefit immensely for the rest of your life!"

For Hu Ren, a Vast Level Peak Expert like the Dragon Tiger Palace Master was someone to be looked up to by Heaven Level and Desolate Level Experts like themselves. If his son could be fortunate to receive his guidance, there was a good chance that he could surpass his own achievements in Martial Dao.

"Father, I understand!"

Hu Yi knew that whether Senior Bai was willing to guide him would determine his fate for life, and with a mixture of nervousness and excitement, he nodded vigorously.

"Will you end yourselves, or shall I do the deed?"

In front of the stone house, after a brief silence, Fang Bai spoke again.

"Senior, by cutting the Iron Chain Bridge, I only intended to deal with the disciples of Xuannv Sect, I had no idea you were also on the bridge... It was truly a misunderstanding! Please spare our lives... If you are willing to let us go, we are ready to offer a generous amount of Cultivation Resources," beseeched Lin Xiaotian, with a mournful look on his face.

Chapter 1122: Fratricidal Conflict

Elder Lin Xiaotian, a mid-level Vast Level power and Elder of the Dragon Tiger Palace, who dominated regions within the nearby kingdoms, now lowered his proud head before Fang Bai, incessantly pleading for mercy.

Hidden within the distant bushes, Hu Ren and his family of three couldn't help but sigh at the scene.

"How much cultivation resources can you offer?"

A hint of a smile appeared on Fang Bai's face, seemingly moved by the final plea from Lin Xiaotian.

"This... If senior is willing to spare us, we are prepared to offer fifty thousand mid-grade Essence Stones and fifty bottles of mid-grade Elixirs."

Lin Xiaotian hesitated before speaking.

Fang Bai laughed and said, "Is that what your lives are worth, just these cultivation resources? Forget it, I'd rather kill you all..."

As he spoke, he lifted the blood-colored long knife in his hand and swung it through the void. In an instant, the scent of blood permeated in all directions, and a ghastly scene of slaughter appeared before the eyes of Lin Xiaotian and the others, as if they were in the depths of hell, their hearts trembling with fear.

"Wait, please wait, senior!"

Lin Xiaotian knew that the blood-colored long knife in Fang Bai's hand was a terrifying Spiritual Artifact that could influence one's mind. He quickly closed his eyes to avoid being deceived by the illusion, while shouting out loud.

"We are willing to offer one hundred thousand mid-grade Essence Stones and a hundred bottles of mid-grade Elixirs! Please spare our lives, senior!"

Seeing that Fang Bai had only made a feint with the knife and had not attacked, Lin Xiaotian breathed a sigh of relief.

Fang Bai chuckled and said, "So many Dragon Tiger Palace disciples, and you think so few cultivation resources are enough to buy your lives? Elder Lin, do you take me for a beggar, to be dismissed with just a trifle?"

Lin Xiaotian was stunned and wailed, "Senior, that's all we can gather! If there's a single falsehood in what I've said, may lightning strike me down, and may I die a horrific death!"

Fang Bai gently stroked the blood-colored long knife and sighed, "One hundred thousand mid-grade Essence Stones and a hundred bottles of mid-grade Elixirs... can only buy one of your lives. Now tell me, whom should I spare? Hmm, from now on, I'll give you thirty breaths to discuss amongst yourselves. Once thirty breaths have passed, if you haven't decided who to spare, then I'll kill all of you! Rest assured, I keep my word!"

"Ah?"

Lin Xiaotian and the other Dragon Tiger Palace disciples hadn't expected Fang Bai to say such a thing and were stunned.

The mid-grade Essence Stones and mid-grade Elixirs, being far more helpful to a martial artist than the low-grade ones, were thus very precious and expensive. Even if Lin Xiaotian and the others used up all their accumulated cultivation resources, that was all they could muster.

There were more than a dozen Dragon Tiger Palace disciples present, and Lin Xiaotian being the most esteemed in status and strongest in strength, it would undoubtedly be him who should be spared if the resources could only save one person.

Yet, no matter their status or strength, each of the Dragon Tiger Palace disciples had only one life to give, and who would be willing to relinquish this sole chance for survival?

"Elder Lin, you are an Elder of the Dragon Tiger Palace, and your survival is of greater use to the palace than ours! Therefore... we've decided to leave this hope of living to you..."

One of the stewards of the Dragon Tiger Palace fell to his knees before Lin Xiaotian with tears streaming down his face.

However, as he cried, a trace of ruthlessness flashed in his eyes, while the hand holding the Spiritual Artifact tightened.

"Steward Liu, what is this... Ah, get up! Quickly..."

Lin Xiaotian and Steward Liu usually had a good relationship, standing as allies within the Dragon Tiger Palace. Seeing this, Lin Xiaotian hastily reached to help Steward Liu.

Just as his hands were about to touch Steward Liu's body, a sudden change occurred.

A green glow flashed by, and the short sword in Steward Liu's hand, filled with a strong urge to kill, thrust rapidly towards Lin Xiaotian's Qi Sea.

The Qi Sea is where Martial Artists store their Essence Energy, making it the most vital part of a Martial Artist's body. If it were punctured, one would either die or be crippled.

In Steward Liu's mind, even though Lin Xiaotian was much stronger than him, with his own sudden move and Lin Xiaotian caught off guard, the chance of successfully killing him was still high.

Once Lin Xiaotian died, he, Steward Liu, would be the strongest among the Dragon Tiger Palace Disciples present. With a burst of effort, dealing with the other fellow disciples would then open a path to survival.

However, Steward Liu had underestimated Lin Xiaotian's shrewdness.

As an Elder of the Dragon Tiger Palace, Lin Xiaotian, who had roamed the True Martial Realm for decades, was quite the sly fox. Steward Liu's sudden kneeling was highly abnormal and did not match his usual character. Lin Xiaotian sneered inwardly, knowing this man harbored ill intentions.

Steward Liu's expression changed abruptly, his Spiritual Artifact thrusting forward with undeniable speed. But Lin Xiaotian, prepared for the attack, moved even faster.

The hands that Lin Xiaotian had reached out to help Steward Liu with accelerated forward, landing on Steward Liu's shoulders before the Spiritual Artifact could reach his Qi Sea, immediately clenching down with force.

"Crack!"

"Crack!"

Almost simultaneously, two crisp sounds of bones breaking echoed as Steward Liu cried out miserably, his arms falling limp, the thrust Spiritual Artifact clanging to the ground.

"Elder Lin, spare me..."

Having failed in his sneak attack, Steward Liu knew the consequence he would face. His face turned ashen as he begged for mercy.

"Heh..."

Lin Xiaotian wore an emotionless grin and then his right leg kicked out like lightning.

"Ah!"

Struck in the Qi Sea by Lin Xiaotian's kick, Steward Liu let out a chilling wail, his body flying high before crashing to the ground, dead beyond doubt.

Lin Xiaotian had poured all his strength into that kick. A Vast Level mid-tier expert's strike was something Steward Liu couldn't possibly withstand. His Qi Sea was shattered by the kick, resulting in his untimely death.

From the moment Steward Liu knelt before Lin Xiaotian to his death by Lin Xiaotian's kick, all had happened in the mere span of a few breaths, so that when Steward Liu's body hit the ground, the other Dragon Tiger Palace Disciples were still in a state of shocked stupefaction, unable to react.

And that moment of stupefaction became an eternal nightmare for those Dragon Tiger Palace Disciples.

Having killed Steward Liu, Lin Xiaotian, now like a Spirit Beast provoked into ferocity, was emanating an aura of slaughter as he darted among the stunned Dragon Tiger Palace Disciples, ceaselessly throwing punches.

A Vast Level mid-tier expert, extraordinarily strong, was certainly not someone those Desolate Level Realm Disciples of the Dragon Tiger Palace could contend with, could they?

With every punch Lin Xiaotian threw, a Dragon Tiger Palace Disciple would be sent flying away, falling dead on the spot.

In the blink of an eye, more than a dozen Dragon Tiger Palace Disciples were killed by Lin Xiaotian, lying several zhang away around him, each with eyes wide open in death.

This scene of Dragon Tiger Palace Disciples slaughtering each other was something Hu Ren and his family, hiding in the distant bushes, watched with shock and an unspeakable feeling of exhilaration.

"Senior, can I go now?"

After killing the last Dragon Tiger Palace Disciple, Lin Xiaotian exhaled softly, turned to face Fang Bai, and asked with a hoarse voice.

Lin Xiaotian had killed Steward Liu and the others out of self-defense, a necessary act for survival; he knew that if word of this incident reached the Dragon Tiger Palace, they would not spare him, from top to bottom.

Thus, Lin Xiaotian had already decided that after leaving this place, he would flee far away and seek refuge within another Sect.

Chapter 1123: As You Wish

As one of the four Great Elders of Dragon Tiger Palace, Lin Xiaotian was someone who stood below only a few but above tens of thousands, with revered status and a distinguished position.

However, as of today, Lin Xiaotian not only lost all his prestige but would also face the endless pursuit of the tens of thousands of disciples of Dragon Tiger Palace, forced to flee like a homeless cur, outside the controlled territories of Dragon Tiger Palace.

This significant drop from grace was somewhat difficult for Lin Xiaotian to accept, but he had no choice but to accept it.

And all of this was single-handedly caused by Fang Bai.

Therefore, Lin Xiaotian harbored an extreme hatred for Fang Bai in his heart, yet he was helpless to do anything about it.

Fang Bai's stunning blade that instantly killed Steward Liu created an immense psychological pressure on Lin Xiaotian, dispelling any thoughts of resistance he might have had.

Lin Xiaotian was not sure if after killing all the Dragon Tiger Palace disciples present, Fang Bai would really let him go, but he had no other choice, and he had to stubbornly take that chance, however slim the hope might be.

Lin Xiaotian could now only hope that a power of Fang Bai's realm would keep his word.

"This old guy, to save his own life, slaughtering more than a dozen of his sect mates without even batting an eye, truly ruthless and merciless!"

Fang Bai watched as Lin Xiaotian killed more than a dozen Dragon Tiger Palace disciples and his gaze grew even colder.

"You can go, but before you do, you need to leave behind some things."

Fang Bai said to Lin Xiaotian.

"I understand. Please wait a moment, Senior."

Lin Xiaotian thought Fang Bai was referring to cultivation resources and quickly went to the bodies of the two Dragon Tiger Palace Stewards he had killed, removing the Spatial Rings from their fingers and, along with his own, handed them over to Fang Bai, saying respectfully, "All of our cultivation resources are inside these three Spatial Rings. Please have a look, Senior."

Fang Bai took the three Spatial Rings, didn't even glance at them, and casually tossed them into his own Spatial Ring, smilingly said, "What I asked you to leave isn't this."

"Ah?"

Lin Xiaotian was taken aback, then quickly realized what was expected of him and hastily handed over his and the two Stewards' Spiritual Artifacts to Fang Bai as well.

Watching as Fang Bai collected the three inferior Spiritual Artifacts, Lin Xiaotian's mouth twitched a few times, feeling a piercing heartache.

The Spiritual Artifact that belonged to Lin Xiaotian was made by a low-grade Artifact Refiner with a huge investment of cultivation resources. Although it was an inferior Spiritual Artifact, it was among the most superior of its kind, its power very close to that of a medium-grade Spiritual Artifact. In battle, it could increase Lin Xiaotian's combat power by twenty percent. Lin Xiaotian treasured it like a precious jewel and always carried it with him.

But now, to save his life, Lin Xiaotian was forced to give his Spiritual Artifact to Fang Bai. If he wanted to forge another one in the future, first, he needed suitable Artifact Refining materials, and second, he had to pay a hefty fee to an Artifact Refiner, which would not be an easy task.

"Senior, may I go now?"

Lin Xiaotian asked again.

"What I asked you to leave isn't this."

Fang Bai repeated what he had said earlier.

"Senior, I've given you all the cultivation resources, and the Spiritual Artifacts as well. What... what else do you want? As martial artists, we value promises and integrity above all, you said you would let me go, you can't go back on your word!"

Lin Xiaotian felt a sense of being toyed with and humiliated, annoyance brewing within him, but he didn't dare to show it, as his life still lay in Fang Bai's hands.

"Hehe..."

Fang Bai smiled and put away the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, slowly walking towards Lin Xiaotian. "I said I would let you go, and naturally, I will not break my word. But before you leave, you must relinquish all your Martial Arts Techniques."

Lin Xiaotian stood dumbfounded for a moment before he realized what Fang Bai wanted. His face suddenly changed, and he said angrily, "You... you want me to cripple my own Cultivation Technique?"

Fang Bai nodded. "That's right."

"No way! Don't even think about it!"

Lin Xiaotian became frantic, stomping and screaming, "A Martial Artist who has his Cultivation Technique crippled is worse than a commoner. What's the point of living? You might as well just kill me!"

Lin Xiaotian had not expected that after giving all his Cultivation Resources and his Spiritual Artifact to Fang Bai, this would be the outcome. A mixture of shock and anger surged in his heart, as he suddenly realized Fang Bai had never planned to let him go; he had been played for a fool from the start.

"Kill you? Alright, since you brought it up, I will grant your wish!" Fang Bai said.

The moment his words fell, his figure lunged forward. When he was about a dozen feet away from Lin Xiaotian, his right fist suddenly shot out towards him.

Lin Xiaotian, watching Fang Bai's fist rapidly enlarge before his eyes, felt a breath of death envelop him, turning his face pale with horror as he stumbled backward.

Fang Bai's punch, in both speed and power, exceeded Lin Xiaotian's imagination. Only then did Lin Xiaotian realize the chasm of strength between himself and Fang Bai was far greater than he had anticipated.

"This man must be a Cosmic Level Expert! If Dragon Tiger Palace has provoked such a powerful adversary, it's probably finished!"

No sooner had the thought appeared in Lin Xiaotian's mind than the ball of Golden Essence Energy unleashed by Fang Bai, carrying an indestructible terrifying force like a hammer weighing thousands of pounds, brutally struck his chest.

Lin Xiaotian grunted, his body flying backward and landing a dozen meters away.

The Golden Essence Energy that Fang Bai launched had instantaneously shattered Lin Xiaotian's internal organs, snuffing out his life.

Hu Ren and his family stood with their mouths agape, staring dumbfounded at what was unfolding before them, utterly incredulous. They could not have imagined that Lin Xiaotian, an Elder of Dragon Tiger Palace and a Vast Level mid-stage expert, would fall to Fang Bai's fist without even managing to withstand a single blow.

"To kill a Vast Level mid-stage expert with just one punch... such a terrifying strength!"

Hu Ren was the first to snap out of his astonishment. His throat bobbed as he swallowed hard, mumbling to himself, "Could this Senior Bai be a Cosmic Level Expert?"

"He must be! Uncle Bai must be a Cosmic Level Expert!"

Although Hu Yi had never seen a Cosmic Level Expert, he had heard his parents speak of them, knowing they were powerful beings exclusive to the second and first rank sects of True Martial Realm. To have met one was truly an incredible stroke of luck, and his heart nearly leapt out of his chest with excitement.

"To kill a Vast Level mid-stage expert with a single punch, it's clear that Senior Bai's strength is formidable. Even if he is not a Cosmic Level Expert, he must be at least a Vast Level Perfection expert, on par with the Master of Dragon Tiger Palace!"

Miao Feng speculated thoughtfully.

"Dad, Mom, Uncle Bai is calling us over again!"

Hu Yi suddenly said.

Seeing Fang Bai beckoning to them again, Hu Ren and Miao Feng dared not delay and immediately rushed out of the bushes towards him.

"These dozen or so Dragon Tiger Palace disciples should also have some Cultivation Resources on them. You should take a look! Whatever you find is yours!"

As Hu Ren and his family drew closer, Fang Bai pointed to the bodies of Steward Liu and the other Dragon Tiger Palace disciples.

The Dragon Tiger Palace had sent Lin Xiaotian and his men to guard the Iron Chain Bridge and collect Cultivation Resources from passing Martial Artists. The vast majority of these resources were stored in the Spatial Rings of Lin Xiaotian and the two Stewards of Dragon Tiger Palace, ready to be handed over to the Palace later on. Little did they know, they would end up in the hands of Fang Bai.

Chapter 1124: Cloud Mist Mountain, Xuannv Sect

Fang Bai sensed some Essence Energy fluctuations from the bodies of the fallen Dragon Tiger Palace disciples, knowing that although they did not possess Spatial Rings, they did have some valuable elixirs hidden on them, a few of which were of medium quality while most were of lower quality.

Fang Bai was not concerned with those elixirs and instead let Hu Ren's family search for them, effectively giving Hu Ren's family a favor in disguise.

The three members of Hu Ren's family knew that Senior Bai was a powerful martial artist with high standards, so ordinary Cultivation Resources were not appealing to him. They went ahead without hesitation, searched the Dragon Tiger Palace disciples' bodies, and indeed found dozens of elixirs. Joyfully returning to Fang Bai, they naturally expressed their gratitude once more.

Fang Bai noticed that Hu Ren no longer called him "Brother Bai" but "Senior," and his attitude had become much more reverent, knowing that the strength he had demonstrated greatly intimidated him. He did not insist on what he should be called, but he still addressed Hu Ren as Brother Hu. This left Hu Ren feeling immensely honored and excited.

"Senior Bai is approachable and amiable, not arrogant and aloof like other powerful individuals. Such a martial artist is truly a rare sight!"

Hu Ren, observing the slightly smiling Fang Bai, was filled with admiration and could not help but think how unexpectedly beneficial it had been for his family to meet Senior Bai, which brought significant changes to their lives.

Had it not been for Senior Bai, his family of three would have already perished at the bottom of the Nine Bends Gorge due to the involvement of the Xuannv Sect disciples.

Had it not been for Senior Bai, his son Hu Yi's injuries would have been difficult to heal, let alone his promotion by two minor realms in such a short period.

Had it not been for Senior Bai, it would have been impossible for him and his wife to obtain more suitable Spiritual Artifacts and gain such an abundance of Cultivation Resources.

Hu Ren roughly calculated that the Cultivation Resources Fang Bai had allowed them to have would be enough for his family of three to cultivate for the next two to three years.

The two appropriate Spiritual Artifacts would also add to their combat strength in the future.

"Senior Bai, if I may be so bold to ask, where do you plan to go next?"

Hu Ren knew that a powerful martial artist like Fang Bai was hard to come by and dearly wanted his son to spend more time with him. If Senior Bai happened to offer some guidance, it would be an invaluable opportunity.

After Hu Ren asked the question, he saw Fang Bai looking at him with a smiling face and thought that Fang Bai saw through his ulterior motive. His face flushed with embarrassment as he hurriedly explained, "What I mean is... my family and I were all born and raised in Qingping Country. We are very familiar with everything about Qingping Country. If Senior has any needs, my family and I are more than willing to serve before and after at your command..."

In his previous life, Fang Bai had experienced countless people and events. The little scheme of Hu Ren could not possibly escape his notice. He responded with a smile, "Does Brother Hu know where the headquarters of the Xuannv Sect is, or, would you know how to lead me there?"

"I do! I do! The headquarters of the Xuannv Sect is located three thousand li away on Cloud Mist Mountain!"

To Hu Ren, Fang Bai's words were like music from heaven. He thought about the three thousand li journey to the Xuannv Sect which would take at least two days even on the fastest Swiftwind Horse. During these two days, if Hu Yi behaved well in front of Senior Bai, perhaps Senior Bai would happily offer some guidance.

Fang Bai had previously heard from Lin Xiaotian that Sects like the Dragon Tiger Palace were attacking the Xuannv Sect. He was worried about the Linghu sisters being harmed and eager to rescue them. However, being new to Qingping Country and not knowing where the Xuannv Sect was, he would need to ask for directions, which could cause significant delays. If this delayed the rescue, Fang Bai would deeply regret it.

Now that he had Hu Ren's family as guides, Fang Bai was delighted and nodded, "That's good. I have some urgent matters at the Xuannv Sect. Please lead the way, Brother Hu."

He paused, spreading his Divine Sense to survey the surroundings, then pointed towards the forest east of the stone house and said, "There are Swiftwind Horses over there, let's go have a look!"

The four of them moved swiftly, dashing into the forest to the east of the stone house. They saw a small corral amidst the trees, where more than twenty majestic and robust Swiftwind Horses were tethered.

Hu Ren knew that these Swiftwind Horses belonged to the Dragon Tiger Palace and were ridden by disciples like Lin Xiaotian on a regular basis. Now that Lin Xiaotian and the others were dead, these Swiftwind Horses had become ownerless.

"These Swiftwind Horses being left here would benefit other Martial Artists. There's a small market town about a hundred li ahead. Why don't we drive these horses there to sell them for some Cultivation Resources? What do you think, Senior Bai?" Hu Ren proposed excitedly.

The Swiftwind Horses in the corral could each be exchanged for almost a hundred medium-grade Essence Stones, and over twenty horses amounted to a sum equivalent to two thousand medium-grade Essence Stones. For Hu Ren's family of three, this was not a small amount.

Fang Bai nodded and said, "Keep four for us to ride, and you can do as you please with the rest! No matter how much you earn from the Essence Stones, they're all yours!"

Then, the four of them mounted four Swiftwind Horses and, leading the rest, galloped like lightning to the small market town mentioned by Hu Ren in about two hours' time.

There were many Martial Artists in the small market town. Hu Ren easily sold off the more than twenty Swiftwind Horses and obtained a full two thousand medium-grade Essence Energy Stones, which he stored in his Spatial Ring.

With Hu Ren and his wife, Miao Feng, both at the Desolate Level Perfection, the medium-grade Essence Stones were perfectly suited for their Cultivation. Although the two thousand medium-grade Essence Stones were not a lot, they were enough to sustain several months of Cultivation needs.

Afterward, the four of them ate and drank some things in the market town, rested briefly, and then rode off non-stop toward Cloud Mist Mountain where the Xuannv Sect resided.

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Cloud Mist Mountain, located in the southern part of Qingping Country, consisted of dozens of peaks varying in height, some steep and some gentle, with bubbling streams, lush vegetation, prolific Spiritual Medicines, and fragrant flowers and fruits. Shrouded in clouds and mist all year round, it was akin to an Immortal Realm.

One of the two third-grade Sects of Qingping Country, the Xuannv Sect, was built within Cloud Mist Mountain.

The overall power of the Xuannv Sect was comparable to that of the Purple Flame Sect. Together with the Dragon Tiger Palace, another large third-grade Sect in Qingping Country, they were known as South Xuannv and North Dragon Tiger, respectively.

The Xuannv Sect and the Dragon Tiger Palace had coexisted in Qingping Country for nearly ten thousand years. Both Sects wanted to eliminate the other to become the sole dominant power of Qingping Country. However, due to their similar strength, neither could vanquish the other.

The Xuannv Sect had tens of thousands of disciples, the vast majority of whom were women. Although there were some male Disciples, they generally held a lower status within the Sect and often served as menial servants.

In the past, Cloud Mist Mountain was peaceful and harmonious, a paradise on earth where the Xuannv Sect disciples practiced their Cultivation Techniques and Martial Arts on the natural rocks scattered throughout the mountains, pondering the arcane secrets of the Martial Dao.

But today, that rare tranquility and harmony were shattered.

In the early morning, as the sunrise marked the dawn, thousands of Xuannv Sect disciples gathered in the plaza in front of the mountain gate to listen to the higher-ups explain the Martial Dao. Suddenly, the cries of battle rose, and thousands of Martial Artists wielding blades and Spiritual Artifacts surged from all directions of Cloud Mist Mountain.

Chapter 1125: Five Sects Join Forces

Today, it was Xue Xiangyu, one of the four Great Elders of the Xuannv Sect who oversaw the Classics Hall, who was explaining the Martial Dao to the disciples of the Xuannv Sect at the plaza in front of the mountain gate.

In the ranks of the four Great Elders of the Xuannv Sect, Xue Xiangyu was known for her calm and steady demeanor, but the sudden appearance of thousands of martial artists attacking from all directions had changed her expression dramatically, her face stricken with shock.

It was known that the eastern, western, and northern sides of the Xuannv Sect's headquarters were surrounded by naturally formed perilous peaks and deep ravines, which those below the Vast Level of martial artists found difficult to traverse. Only a single mountain path to the south led in and out of the Xuannv Sect's headquarters.

Moreover, on that mountain path were set several defensive barriers, each manned by elite disciples of the Xuannv Sect, effectively preventing enemy infiltration and attacks, and also serving to give timely alerts in case of enemy movement.

Yet now, these thousands of martial artists who had suddenly attacked from all around had appeared without any signs or warnings, and how could this not shock Xue Xiangyu?

Xue Xiangyu knew that this kind of event most likely resulted from one of three scenarios:

First, the disciples of the Xuannv Sect who were supposed to guard the barriers had neglected their duties, rendering the defenses practically non-existent, allowing these thousands of martial artists to easily infiltrate.

Second, among the Xuannv Sect disciples guarding the barriers, there could have been a traitor, whose collaborative efforts from the inside allowed the barriers to fall swiftly.

Third, among the thousands of martial artists before her, there could have been exceedingly powerful individuals who swiftly overcame the Xuannv Sect disciples at the barriers, preventing them from sending out warning signals in time.

Xue Xiangyu had a lot of confidence in the loyalty of the Xuannv Sect disciples, so she felt that the last scenario was the most likely.

"Dragon Tiger Palace, Snow Fox Mountain, Spirit Crane Sect, Wind Cloud Island, Ruyi Monastery... It's actually the disciples of these five major sects..."

When she saw the attire of the thousands of martial artists rushing towards them, Xue Xiangyu's pupils constricted, and she took in a sharp breath.

The Dragon Tiger Palace had always sought to annihilate the Xuannv Sect to become the sole dominator of Qingping Country. So Xue Xiangyu, while surprised to see the disciples of the Dragon Tiger Palace suddenly appearing here, did not consider it unexpected.

However, the fact that Snow Fox Mountain, Spirit Crane Sect, Wind Cloud Island, and Ruyi Monastery, four sects that had once looked up to the Xuannv Sect, had collectively defected to the Dragon Tiger Palace and were attacking the Xuannv Sect together with its disciples, was something that Xue Xiangyu had never anticipated.

If it were only the disciples of the Dragon Tiger Palace, even if they came in full force, the Xuannv Sect would not fear them, but now with the elite disciples from Snow Fox Mountain, Spirit Crane Sect, Wind

Cloud Island, and Ruyi Monastery lending their support, the balance of power had completely tipped in favor of the Dragon Tiger Palace.

Leading the charge, the thousands of disciples from the five major sects, each wielding weapons or spiritual artifacts, approached with overwhelming aggression and surging killing intent, clearly signaling the start of an all-out war with the Xuannv Sect.

Xue Xiangyu knew that with Dragon Tiger Palace bringing forth the elite disciples of four major sects, it was evident they were determined to annihilate the Xuannv Sect.

This battle would be a life-and-death struggle for the existence of the Xuannv Sect.

"Formidable enemies have invaded, disciples of the Xuannv Sect, follow me and form up to resist the enemy!"

Though Xue Xiangyu was a Xuannv Sect Elder and had weathered countless storms, after a brief moment of shock, she regained her composure, circulated her True Yuan, and with a voice as booming as spring thunder, she bellowed out her command.

Immediately afterward, Xue Xiangyu's figure soared into the air, rising several meters, her fists a blur as she hurled several balls of True Yuan at an ancient bell hanging on a giant tree next to her.

Dong—

Dong—

Dong—

...

Several clusters of True Yuan struck the ancient bell, and the sonorous bell sounds immediately spread in all directions, echoing among the mountains dozens of miles around.

This ancient bell had existed since the founding of the Xuannv Sect and was only rung when formidable enemies invaded. For the past thousand years, the Xuannv Sect had known peace, and the bell remained silent—to the point that many Xuannv Sect disciples had forgotten its existence.

Tens of thousands of Xuannv Sect disciples, aside from the thousands listening to Xue Xiangyu's lecture on the Martial Dao in the plaza outside the mountain gate, included numerous disciples in closed-door cultivation, comprehending Martial Arts Techniques. Upon hearing the bell, they all felt a chill in their hearts, and immediately left their Cultivation State, abandoning everything, rushing toward the plaza.

Among the many flying figures, about a dozen silhouettes sped from the highest Xuannv Peak of Cloud Mist Mountain. They moved so fast that they were barely discernible to the naked eye, and in a mere dozen breaths' time, they had landed beside Xue Xiangyu.

The thousands of Xuannv Sect disciples who were surrounded by the disciples of Dragon Tiger Palace and other four major sects in the large plaza were initially restless and panicked. But upon seeing the dozen or so figures, they quickly calmed down. They too tightly gripped blades and Spiritual Artifacts in hand, forming a defensive formation, confronting the disciples from Dragon Tiger Palace and the other four major sects around them.

Over ten thousand Martial Artists released Essence Energy within a narrow area of less than a mile in diameter, creating an overwhelming pressure like a surging tide and swelling waves. The weaker disciples had to circulate their True Yuan and form Defense Qi Shields to withstand this astonishing pressure.

The dozen or so figures that appeared beside Xue Xiangyu were the higher-ups of the Xuannu Sect, including Xuannv Sect Master Yang Ruojun.

Elder Han Xingyu, one of the four Great Elders of the Xuannu Sect, had not yet returned from his mission to the Purple Flame Sect.

"Sect Master, the disciples of Dragon Tiger Palace, Snow Fox Mountain, Spirit Crane Sect, Wind Cloud Island, and Ruyi Monastery have joined forces to attack our Xuannu Sect. The situation looks grim," Xue Xiangyu reported with a worried expression to Sect Master Yang Ruojun beside her.

Yang Ruojun nodded and swept her gaze around the area. Suddenly, her eyes cut across the crowd, landing on a white-haired elder in black garments on the pinnacle to the front left, and she fiercely called out, "Old Thief Ye, what skill is there in skulking around? If you have the guts, come forth and battle me!"

"Hahaha..."

In the midst of thunderous laughter, the black-garbed, white-haired elder, who Yang Ruojun had named, moved through the air like a soaring Dapeng, gracefully landing three zhang in front of Yang Ruojun, and then spoke with a fist salute, "Sect Master Yang, it's been many years, and you still look as magnificent as ever!"

The white-haired man in black was none other than Ye Menglong, the Dragon Tiger Palace Master, who in Qingping Country was as renowned as Yang Ruojun.

Ye Menglong was actually in his eighties, though he appeared to be in his sixties. Just like Yang Ruojun, he was a Vast Level Perfection powerhouse.

For years, the Xuannu Sect and the Dragon Tiger Palace had stood in opposition, and Yang Ruojun and Ye Menglong were considered long-standing rivals. The two had fought each other many times, each wanting to annihilate the other, but neither able to secure a decisive victory.

Yang Ruojun glared wrathfully at Ye Menglong and said coldly, "Old Thief Ye, what a crafty trick you've deployed, to have Snow Fox Mountain, Spirit Crane Sect, Wind Cloud Island, and Ruyi Monastery join your Dragon Tiger Palace's ranks... Is Dragon Tiger Palace ready for a final showdown with my Xuannu Sect?"

Ye Menglong, unbothered by Yang Ruojun's repeated insults, chuckled and replied, "As the saying goes, one mountain cannot house two tigers. Qingping Country is too small, with limited Cultivation Resources—it cannot accommodate two third-rank sects. Therefore, a decisive battle between Dragon Tiger Palace and Xuannu Sect is inevitable. The victor lives, the defeated dies."

Chapter 1126: The Great Melee

"This time, our Dragon Tiger Palace has come with the elites from Snow Fox Mountain, Spirit Crane Sect, Wind Cloud Island, and Ruyi Monastery—four sects combined. Although our numbers are fewer than

those of the Xuannv Sect, our strength far surpasses yours. The demise of the Xuannv Sect will happen today!"

Ye Menglong's gaze swept across the thousands of Xuannv Sect disciples and a smug smile curled at the corner of his mouth. His voice suddenly rose as he spoke aloud, "Any disciple of the Xuannv Sect who wishes to save their life can stand by our side. I, from the Dragon Tiger Palace, guarantee you will be treated well!"

"Ye, you old thief, enough!"

Yang Ruojun, seeing Ye Menglong openly coaxing her sect's disciples, replied with a laugh tinged with fury, "Disciples of the Xuannv Sect are not cowards who fear death! If you want to fight, then bring it on! I want to see whether it's your five sects' disciples who will eliminate the Xuannv Sect today, or the Xuannv Sect that will wipe out your five sects' disciples!"

Ye Menglong laughed out loud, "Sect Master Yang, you think too highly of your Xuannv Sect! You may have some advantage in numbers, but we from the five sects have brought our elite disciples. One of us could take on two or three of yours, no problem! In this battle, you don't even have a ten percent chance of winning!"

He paused and then said, "Sect Master Yang, if I were you, I'd cripple my cultivation level and then lead all the disciples to surrender to the Dragon Tiger Palace. That way, we wouldn't have to fight and could avoid a great number of casualties!"

As soon as these words were spoken, there was an immediate backlash of scolding and cursing from the Xuannv Sect's side. Many Xuannv Sect disciples swore to share the sect's fate, vowing to fight to the last person rather than surrender.

"Ye, you old thief, did you hear that? Xuannv Sect disciples have no soft bones! You think you can conquer without a fight—no chance!"

Yang Ruojun, looking at Ye Menglong whose expression was gradually becoming unsightly, coldly sneered, "Moreover, I'm not you! I, Yang Ruojun, can live without my life, but I will never do anything to disgrace the legacy of the Xuannv Sect's past sect leaders!"

Ye Menglong snorted coldly, "You old witch, you refuse the toast only to drink a forfeit! Do you realize that your stubbornness will not only harm yourself but also all the disciples in your sect?"

Having finished speaking, he then shouted loudly to the surrounding Xuannv Sect disciples, "I'm giving you one last chance: surrender or death. Make your choice!"

The reply he received was another round of angry scolding and fierce cursing from the Xuannv Sect disciples, not a single one choosing to surrender.

Although Ye Menglong was annoyed, he couldn't help but admire the loyalty of the Xuannv Sect disciples to their sect. If the disciples of the Dragon Tiger Palace were in this situation, Ye Menglong wouldn't dare guarantee that his disciples would also have the determination to live or die with the sect.

The stronger the cohesiveness of a sect, the more formidable it becomes. Although the alliance of the five sects of the Dragon Tiger Palace held an absolute advantage in overall strength, to annihilate the Xuannv Sect, which was united as one, would likely come at a great cost.

Ye Menglong naturally understood this as well, feeling somewhat heavy-hearted, knowing that even though the five sects together could exterminate the Xuannv Sect, the Dragon Tiger Palace would definitely suffer greatly. But with things having come this far, there was only the battle left.

Then the thought struck him that after annihilating the Xuannv Sect, they would gain a massive amount of cultivation resources. Ye Menglong's mood began to improve as he thought that with the cultivation resources obtained from the Xuannv Sect, the Dragon Tiger Palace would soon recover and could rise to greater heights. It appeared that the benefits of this battle would far outweigh the losses, making it worthwhile.

"Since you all wish to die, then I shall grant you that!"

A fierce and violent light shone in Ye Menglong's eyes, his right arm raised, then violently slashed down, signaling the attack.

"Kill!"

The thousands of disciples from the five great sects, already primed for battle, unleashed an earth-shattering war cry at Ye Menglong's gesture. Powered by Essence Energy and wielding their spiritual artifacts, they charged from all directions towards the thousands of Xuannv Sect disciples.

"Disciples of the Xuannv Sect, fight with me! Victory will surely belong to the Xuannv Sect!"

Yang Ruojun's cool and sharp voice echoed in the skies above Cloud Mist Mountain, spurring on the Xuannv Sect disciples, then with her sword in hand, she charged at the forefront towards the opposing Ye Menglong.

Ye Menglong was a Vast Level Perfection powerhouse, and within the Xuannv Sect, only Yang Ruojun possessed the strength to battle him.

Elders and Stewards of the Xuannv Sect also each brought out their Spiritual Artifacts, seeking opponents to fight.

The thousands of Xuannv Sect disciples gathered in the square, each with a weapon in hand, also advanced towards the disciples of the five major sects charging from all directions.

Their overall strength was much weaker than the disciples of the five major sects, but their morale and fighting spirit were even higher, every one of them prepared to fight to the death, resulting in an astonishing momentum.

Nearly ten thousand disciples from both sides, carrying an unstoppable killing intent, clashed together like tidal waves, causing giant swells to rise, and in an instant, blood mist filled the air, accompanied by the sound of agonized screams.

A battle of extreme brutality thus began.

"Quick! Speed up!"

While a fierce battle raged between nearly ten thousand disciples of the Xuannv Sect and those of the five major sects including the Dragon Tiger Palace, ten figures hurriedly approached from outside Cloud

Mist Mountain. Urged on by their leader, they moved at full speed and soon arrived near the square in front of the entrance to the Xuannv Sect, witnessing a grand melee involving thousands.

The ten newly arrived individuals were Xuannv Sect disciples led by Han Xingyu, returning from the Purple Flame Sect.

After escaping from the bottom of Nine Bends Gorge, worried about the life and death of the Xuannv Sect, they rushed back at full speed. On their way, they spared no expense in using a large number of Essence Stones to change mounts for Swiftwind Horses, finally arriving at the Xuannv Sect at this moment.

Despite being mentally prepared, upon seeing the Xuannv Sect disciples suffering heavy casualties and deaths, Han Xingyu and the others couldn't help but feel their eyes redden with grief and anger.

"Kill!"

Led by Han Xingyu, the ten of them, as if driven mad, joined the fray.

However, their intervention did not create much of an impact, nor did it change anything—the Xuannv Sect disciples were still at a disadvantage. Moments by moments, more Xuannv Sect disciples either died or were injured, falling into pools of blood.

...

In a small valley several miles from the Xuannv Peak, where the Xuannv Sect headquarters was located, the original quiet was disturbed by faintly heard shouts and battle cries.

This valley, known as "Reflection Valley," was where the Xuannv Sect imprisoned disciples who had committed serious offenses.

All around Reflection Valley, restrictive formations had been set up that couldn't be destroyed, making it impossible to leave the valley.

At this moment, by a pond on the north side of Reflection Valley, three men and three women stood facing each other, seemingly in conversation.

The three women were one middle-aged woman wearing the inner court disciple uniform of the Xuannv Sect, possessing mid-Desolate Level strength.

The other two were both in their twenties with skin as white as snow, breathtakingly beautiful—one charming and coquettish, the other pure and elegant, each of them with an outstanding temperament.

Both were wearing the attire of external courtyard disciples of the Xuannv Sect, with early Desolate Level strength.

The three men facing the women, however, were not Xuannv Sect disciples. Their ages seemed roughly the same as the women, but their strength far surpassed that of the three women.

Chapter 1127: Disciple of Swiftwind Valley

The clamor of shouts and kills that came from outside Reflection Valley slightly moved the hearts of the three men and three women within.

"Senior Qiu, fellow elder brothers, I'll go outside and see what's happening, please excuse me for a moment. Qianjiao, Baimei, please stay here and keep Senior Qiu and the two elder brothers company."

The middle-aged woman bowed to the three men standing opposite her to express her apologies, then gave a sidelong glance to the two young women beside her, signaling them not to neglect the three men. She then transformed into a fleeting shadow, dashing towards the mouth of the valley, and in the blink of an eye, she had vanished from sight.

The two young women watched the middle-aged woman's retreating figure, exchanged a look, and stood shoulder to shoulder together, watching the three men opposite them warily, their pretty faces painted with a cautious hue.

"I've long heard that the Xuannv Sect has taken in two female disciples with Innate Spiritual Roots, and both as beautiful as flowers. Seeing them today, I must say their reputation is indeed well-deserved! Haha, this trip was really worthwhile!"

Among the three men, the young man on the left's eyes gleamed as he unabashedly sized up the two young women opposite him, his demeanor akin to a starving wolf eyeing its prey. If not for the presence of others, he might have already leaped at them with bared fangs and claws.

The two young women, feeling the malevolent intent in the young man's gaze, clenched their jade teeth on their cherry lips and furrowed their brows tightly, loathing him so much they wished they could gouge out his eyes, yet they dared not act due to fear of his overwhelming strength.

The young man on the right gave a sidelong glance to the young man on the left and said impatiently, "Feng Shijie, look at your eager behavior; you've scared the junior sisters Linghu!"

He then put on a smile, turned to the young women, and spoke softly, "The junior sisters Linghu are just like two delicate flowers that need the careful nurturing of a refined, amiable, and approachable man like me! Hehe, you need not be afraid, junior sisters. Once we become Martial Dao companions, I, Feng Shijun, will surely protect you as one would a delicate flower!"

"Feng Shijun, you... you shameless jerk!"

The man named Feng Shijie, with his eyes bulging, stamped his foot in anger and said, "Before coming to the Xuannv Sect, the Valley Master had agreed that we brothers would each take one of the Linghu sisters. You want to monopolize them alone? No way! Elder Qiu, you must uphold justice for me!"

Feng Shijun chuckled "heh heh", seemingly pulling out a folding fan from nowhere, flicked it open with a "swish" and waved it a few times, shaking his head and wagging his tongue, "I'm afraid the junior sisters Linghu won't agree to become Martial Dao companions with you because you're too ugly! Then I will have the privilege of having both beauties to myself!"

Feng Shijie, upon hearing the words "you're too ugly," deflated like a punctured ball and lamented to the heavens, "We brothers are born of the same mother, so why is it that you, Feng Shijun, are tall and handsome, while I, Feng Shijie, am short and ugly? It's so unfair!"

Elder Qiu, standing nearby, felt helpless watching the brothers quarrel and coughed forcefully a few times before saying sternly, "Enough! Both of you, stop talking nonsense!"

Feng Shijun and Feng Shijie held both respect and fear for Elder Qiu, and upon hearing his command, they didn't dare make another sound. However, they glared at each other, big eyes staring at small ones, each unwilling to concede to the other.

Elder Qiu intimidated the Feng brothers and turned toward the pair of young Xuannv Sect female disciples with a beaming smile, saying, "Our Swiftwind Valley is a second-rank power Sect of the current era, and Shijun and Shijie are direct disciples of Swiftwind Valley. For you two to become Martial Dao partners with them is a blessing cultivated in a previous life!"

At this point, his gaze suddenly turned cold, and his tone became indifferent, his voice carrying a sinister edge, "However, I have heard that upon learning of the marriage alliance, you two staunchly refused, swearing death before compliance, resulting in your Sect Leader confining you here in Reflection Valley to reflect. Are my Swiftwind Valley's direct disciples not good enough for you both?"

Swiftwind Valley is located within the territory of Weixiang Nation, thousands of miles away from Xuannv Sect. It is a second-rank Sect of the True Martial Realm, with overall strength far surpassing that of Xuannv Sect. Although the brothers Feng Shijun and Feng Shijie are merely direct disciples of Swiftwind Valley, their Cultivation Level is at Vast Level Perfection, on par with Xuannv Sect Master Yang Ruojun.

Elder Qiu, called Qiu Heming, is one of the four Great Elders of Swiftwind Valley and possesses mid-stage Cosmic Level strength. He personally led two direct disciples to Xuannv Sect to negotiate the marriage alliance, determined to succeed and vowing not to give up until he reached his goal.

And the middle-aged woman who had just left Reflection Valley was none other than Linghu Hongyan, who had returned from the Secular World. After rejoining Xuannv Sect, her Cultivation Level advanced to mid-stage of the Desolate Level Realm, and she had entered the Inner Court to become an Inner Court disciple.

The "Junior Sister Linghu" mentioned by the brothers Feng Shijun and Feng Shijie were Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Baimei, the Linghu Sisters who had come to the True Martial Realm with Linghu Hongyan.

Both sisters had Innate Spiritual Roots and had cultivated the Martial Arts Techniques taught by Fang Bai. Following Linghu Hongyan's integration into Xuannv Sect, they took advantage of the Sect's Cultivation Resources and, within a few short months, successfully ascended to the Desolate Level Realm, becoming disciples of the External Courtyard.

Due to the Linghu Sisters' exceptional talent, being geniuses rarely seen in a thousand years for Xuannv Sect, Sect Master Yang Ruojun placed great importance on them, personally teaching them Martial Arts Techniques.

As a result, Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Baimei's status within Xuannv Sect rose significantly, and Linghu Hongyan no longer dared to address them as teacher and students but referred to each other as fellow disciples.

Despite the tremendous change in their status, both Linghu Sisters were women of great integrity and continued to hold Linghu Hongyan in high regard.

In all of Xuannv Sect, aside from Sect Master Yang Ruojun, the two sisters only listened to Linghu Hongyan.

Both Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Baimei possessed beauty that could overthrow states and ethereal charm, coupled with their Innate Spiritual Roots. Their fame spread quickly upon entering Xuannv Sect, and their names became known throughout Sects within tens of thousands of miles as two peerless beauties and geniuses of Xuannv Sect.

Most of the disciples in Xuannv Sect were women, who through marriage alliances with other Sects, received strong support, allowing Xuannv Sect to contend and maintain an undefeated position against Dragon Tiger Palace.

Ever since the names of Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Baimei became known, the threshold of Xuannv Sect was worn down by disciples from various great Sects eager for an alliance through marriage.

However, Yang Ruojun intended to cultivate the Linghu Sisters as the future pillars of Xuannv Sect. The Sects seeking marriage alliances were not powerful enough to catch her eye, and, with Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Baimei's firm refusal of the marriage alliances, she rejected all proposals.

Unexpectedly for Yang Ruojun, the two direct disciples of Swiftwind Valley, Feng Shijun and Feng Shijie, happened to pass through Qingping Country during an excursion. Upon hearing of the Linghu Sisters' reputation, they met with them under the banner of Swiftwind Valley and were immediately struck with

awe. Upon returning to Swiftwind Valley, they implored for marriage alliances with Xuannv Sect, expressing their wish to become Martial Dao partners with the Linghu Sisters.

Chapter 1128: Refusal

Swiftwind Valley, although thousands of miles away, was a renowned second-tier sect in the True Martial Realm.

With over ten thousand disciples, the presence of numerous Cosmic Level Experts, and thousands of Vast Level Experts, even the weakest menial servant disciple possessed Desolate Level Perfection.

This tremendous power was nothing short of terrifying. In the eyes of Swiftwind Valley, Xuannv Sect, a third-tier sect, was no different from an ant, easily crushable.

Although Yang Ruojun was known for her firmness, she dared not risk the annihilation of her sect by offending Swiftwind Valley. Thus, when the Feng brothers initially requested to meet the Linghu sisters, she had to arrange a meeting. Unexpectedly, not long after, Swiftwind Valley sent an envoy again, proposing a marriage alliance between the two sects, promising enough cultivation resources for numerous years for Xuannv Sect's disciples if the marriage succeeded, and even offering to help eliminate Dragon Tiger Palace.

These two conditions promised by Swiftwind Valley were what Yang Ruojun had dreamt of.

After convening the sect's upper echelons, Yang Ruojun, despite opposition from some senior members, decisively agreed to the marriage alliance with Swiftwind Valley.

Yang Ruojun believed that receiving vast cultivation resources from Swiftwind Valley would garner broad support from her disciples; destroying Dragon Tiger Palace would also cement her reputation, marking a significant achievement in Xuannv Sect's history.

Especially the latter carried an irresistible allure to someone prizing reputation and face, like Yang Ruojun.

Moreover, by marrying into such a powerful second-tier sect as Swiftwind Valley, Xuannv Sect could leverage this relationship to sustain its prosperity and maintain its dominance in Qingping Country for years to come.

However, Yang Ruojun was vexed when, after agreeing to the Swiftwind Valley Envoy's proposal and sending him away, she turned to persuade Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Bai Mei, only to face their outright refusal, with no room for negotiation.

Yang Ruojun did not know that Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Bai Mei had already pledged their hearts to Fang Bai in the Secular World. After arriving in the True Martial Realm, though they didn't know Fang Bai's whereabouts, they had practiced the martial arts techniques he taught and developed a special telepathic connection with him, confirming that he was still alive and believing that they would reunite one day.

Hence, naturally, they were unwilling when the Feng brothers proposed marriage, and they rejected it without hesitation.

After that, to escape the arranged marriage, the Linghu sisters even plotted to flee Xuannv Sect but were discovered by a patrolling disciple and captured.

Such a response from the Linghu sisters made Yang Ruojun feel that her dignity as Sect Leader was challenged. In a fit of anger, she imprisoned the sisters in Reflection Valley at the back of the mountain and warned them that they would only be released if they agreed to be martial companions with the Feng brothers from Swiftwind Valley, or else they would end their days in Reflection Valley.

The prohibitive formations set up around Reflection Valley blocked all Heaven and Earth Origin Energy outside the valley, making it impossible for the imprisoned martial artists to absorb essence energy for cultivation or receive any cultivation resources. No senior member would come to teach martial arts techniques, and over time, their strength would inevitably degrade, an extremely cruel fate for any martial artist.

Yang Ruojun initially thought this would force the Linghu sisters to submit, but to her surprise, after being imprisoned for over a month, the stubborn sisters still refused to yield.

Helpless, Yang Ruojun had Linghu Hongyan come every few days to persuade them, hoping the sisters would eventually see the error of their ways.

Just today, Elder Qiu Heming of Swiftwind Valley arrived at Xuannv Sect with the Feng brothers, ready to proceed with the marriage alliance between the two sects.

Upon seeing the disciples of Swiftwind Valley, Yang Ruojun felt a tremendous headache and simply let Linghu Hongyan take Qiu Heming and the Feng brothers to persuade the Linghu sisters, subtly indicating that Linghu Hongyan could use forceful measures to facilitate the marriage if necessary.

Yang Ruojun himself, along with the senior echelons of the Xuannv Sect, decided out of sight, out of mind, and hid inside the Xuannv Hall.

Just when Yang Ruojun was immersed in a delightful dream about leading the Xuannv Sect to its peak and becoming the only third-ranked sect in Qingping Country, the warning bell at the mountain gate suddenly rang. Realizing the sect was under attack, he immediately led the senior echelons out of Xuannv Hall to the plaza at the mountain gate, where they clashed with disciples from the leading sect, Dragon Tiger Palace, among the five major sects.

Yang Ruojun was unafraid of starting a war with Dragon Tiger Palace and the other four major sects, thinking that since an elder and two direct disciples of Swiftwind Valley were in Reflection Valley behind the mountain, and with the marriage alliance imminent, the disciples of Swiftwind Valley would morally and logically not stand idly by.

The three disciples from Swiftwind Valley in Reflection Valley, one a mid-rank Cosmic Level expert and two Desolate Level Perfection experts, could significantly alter the course of the battle should they intervene.

Of course, the premise was that Qianjiao Linghu and Baimei Linghu agreed to the marriage with the Feng brothers; otherwise, the three disciples from Swiftwind Valley might well stand by or even kick the sect when it was down, leaving Xuannv Sect to face possible extinction.

Fortunately, Yang Ruojun had already hinted to the three disciples of Swiftwind Valley that if their marriage proposal was rejected again by the Linghu sisters, they could subdue the sisters using both soft and hard measures.

In Yang Ruojun's view, the interests of the Xuannv Sect were paramount, and any sacrifice of the Linghu sisters would be worth it.

Upon receiving Yang Ruojun's hint, brothers Feng Shijun and Feng Shijie were overjoyed, already considering the Linghu sisters as sure bets.

This time, Qiu Heming, with the Feng brothers and accompanied by Linghu Hongyan, personally visited Reflection Valley to once again propose marriage to the Linghu sisters, only to face their steadfast refusal, which greatly displeased and angered him.

"That's right, Junior Sisters Linghu, in what way are we brothers unsuitable for you? Other female disciples from various sects cry and beg to become partners in the Martial Dao with us, yet we don't even agree!"

Feng Shijun gently flicked his folding fan, raised his eyebrows as he spoke, and his gaze lingered on Qianjiao Linghu's exquisitely beautiful face; the more he looked, the more satisfied he became, wanting to go over and taste what Qianjiao Linghu's petal-soft lips would feel like.

Feng Shijie's gaze, meanwhile, stayed fixed on Baimei Linghu's graceful figure, visibly salivating.

Among the Feng brothers, elder brother Feng Shijun preferred the pure and elegant Qianjiao Linghu, whereas younger brother Feng Shijie favored the charming and sultry Baimei Linghu; they had long decided that they would take the Linghu sisters with them this time, no matter what.

Qianjiao Linghu, not one for talking and too disgusted to engage with the two unwanted disciples from Swiftwind Valley in front of her, remained silent in response to their inquiries, merely replying with a cold stare.

Baimei Linghu, however, had her mind racing, contemplating ways to escape the Feng brothers' persistence. Her eyes darting, she suddenly spoke earnestly, "To be honest, the reason we sisters refuse the marriage is that we already have partners in the Martial Dao."

Chapter 1129: I Really Want to See Him Again

"What?" Fang Bai gasped.

"Who?"

"Daring to compete with us brothers for a woman, seeking death!"

"Quickly tell me their names and addresses, I'm going to blast them with one punch!"

Upon hearing from Linghu Baimei that the sisters already had Martial Dao partners, the Feng brothers were overcome with shock and rage, mixed with jealousy and hatred. They shouted loudly, eager to find and crush the fool who dared to vie with them for the women.

If what Linghu Baimei said was true, it likely meant that the sisters had already lost their Perfect Bodies.

In the True Martial Realm, it is known that if one can become Martial Dao partners with a Female Martial Artist possessing an Innate Spiritual Root and a Perfect Body, and if there is mutual love and spiritual connection, the first union can greatly enhance the strength of both through the power of the Primordial Yin Physique.

However, once a Female Martial Artist with an Innate Spiritual Root loses her Perfect Body, the effects of their union are significantly reduced, which is why the Feng brothers were filled with intense anger.

Elder Qiu, however, was not easily fooled. His cold and grim eyes shifted over the Linghu sisters, and with a sneering chuckle, he said to Linghu Baimei, "Little girl, do you think a mere word can deceive these old eyes of mine? You two still possess your Perfect Bodies!"

The Feng brothers, who had been beating their chests in frustration, were stunned at first, then overjoyed. "Elder Qiu, are you serious?"

Elder Qiu glared at them disapprovingly and grunted, "Sect Master Yang of the Xuannv Sect once told me that since these two girls joined the Xuannv Sect, they have not once left it, and were later imprisoned in Reflection Valley. Where would they find Martial Dao partners?"

"Elder Qiu makes sense!"

Feng Shijun, regaining his suave demeanor, flicked his folding fan with a smile and said, "Since they are still Perfect Bodies, that is wonderful! If the Linghu Junior Sisters had been preempted by others and lost their Primordial Yin Physique, my brother and I would suffer a great loss!"

Feng Shijie shifted from anger to joy, his eyes locking onto Linghu Baimei's beautiful face, and chuckled, "Linghu Baimei, that statement of yours really terrified me—my little heart was thumping wildly! You are really wicked! But I like it!"

Although Linghu Qianhu and Linghu Baimei were twins and looked extremely similar, wearing the attire of the External Courtyard disciples of the Xuannv Sect, their demeanors were entirely distinct—one enchanting and the other serene—making it easy for Feng Shijie to identify who was the elder sister and who the younger.

"You have been promised in marriage by Sect Master Yang, and we are here to take you away!"

Elder Qiu's gaze bore into the Linghu sisters as he stepped forward slowly, his voice cold, "Whether you like it or not, nothing can change now!"

He was a middle-rank Cosmic Level Martial Artist, his strength far surpassing that of the two sisters. Each step he took increased the pressure on them, and the flowers and grass within a few meters around, under his suppressive force, clung tightly to the ground.

The Linghu sisters felt as if a mountain was pressing down on them, their chests heavy and breathing nearly impossible, almost suffocating.

"Elder Qiu, what... what do you intend to do?" Linghu Baimei's voice quivered as she tightly gripped her sister's hand and their weapons, prepared for the worst.

Elder Qiu seemed to have run out of patience, unwilling to waste any more words on the Linghu sisters. He threatened sternly, "I advise you to obey quietly, lest I have to force my hand!"

Feng Shijie nodded in agreement, "Elder Qiu is a Cosmic Level middle-rank power; a mere breath of his could turn into a fierce storm and sweep you into the sky! So be good, or you'll suffer! How about this, let's get closer and cultivate some affection first..."

"Exactly! Exactly!"

Feng Shijun, seeing Feng Shijie clenching his fists and rubbing his hands together with a face full of lust, walked towards Linghu Baimei and didn't want to be outdone, approached Linghu Qian Jiao with a smile.

The strength of the Feng brothers was enough to crush the Linghu sisters. Even though Linghu Baimei was full of cunning strategies, she felt overwhelmed and helpless in the face of the aggressive Feng brothers.

The sisters, under the relentless pressure of the Feng brothers, stepped back step by step and soon found themselves by the cliff, with no place left to retreat.

"Sister, what should we do?"

Linghu Baimei turned to look at Linghu Qian Jiao, her face pale and her voice trembling as she asked.

Linghu Qian Jiao's expression was icy as she said word for word, "I would rather die than be humiliated!"

Linghu Baimei gave a mournful smile and whispered, "Alright... then, sister, let us die together today! It's just too bad that after coming to the True Martial Realm, we never got to see Fang Bai. I don't even know how he is now..."

When Linghu Baimei mentioned Fang Bai, Linghu Qian Jiao was slightly moved and sighed softly, saying, "Fang Bai seems to have endless secrets. I've always been unable to see through him! But... I think anyone who wants to harm Fang Bai won't find it so easy..."

Linghu Baimei said, "I suddenly really want to see him again."

Linghu Qian Jiao replied, "Me too."

Just as the Feng brothers were about to reach them, being less than two zhang away, the sisters' eyes showed a resolute look, and they flipped their long swords, positioning them against their own necks.

The sword light shone like snow, casting its reflection on Linghu sisters' fair and tender faces, which were as white as frost and more beautiful in their sorrow; not only did the Feng brothers freeze in their tracks, but even Qiu Heming, who was obsessed with Martial Dao and had little interest in women, couldn't help but be moved.

"Want to die? It's not that easy!"

Qiu Heming snorted coldly, waving his right sleeve, and a tempest rose, sweeping up the Linghu sisters like autumn leaves blowing in the wind, slamming them against the cliff behind them, then falling to the ground. Their long swords were nowhere to be seen.

After hitting the ground, Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Baimei sadly realized that their meridians were temporarily sealed. They couldn't circulate their True Yuan at all, nor could they move their bodies. They couldn't even bite their own tongues to commit suicide, let alone wield their swords.

"Elder Qiu, please stop!"

At this moment, Linghu Hongyan, who had left Reflection Valley shortly before, returned and rushed to Qiu Heming's side.

"These two young ladies don't listen well. I'm teaching them a lesson on behalf of Xuannv Sect! You don't mind, do you?"

Qiu Heming gave Linghu Hongyan a sideways glance and said coldly.

"No objections... no objections..."

Linghu Hongyan, her face anxious and frantic, without caring to check on the Linghu sisters lying on the ground, pleaded, "Elder Qiu, the Dragon Tiger Palace from Qingping Country and other four major sects have just launched a sudden attack on us, Xuannv Sect, and are already fighting fiercely at the mountain

gate! Our Sect Leader says our side might not withstand them and has sent me to ask for your and the Feng brothers' help!"

After saying this, she glanced at the fallen Linghu sisters, sighed deeply with a complex expression, and then added, "The Sect Leader instructed that once we repel the formidable enemies, the two Feng brothers can take Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Baimei, and our sects will officially form an alliance through marriage."

Chapter 1130: A Small Request

Although the Linghu sisters were unable to move, their ears had not lost their sharpness. Hearing their former master, Linghu Hongyan, uttering such words, their hearts sank even further into misery.

However, the sisters also understood that Linghu Hongyan's status within the Xuannv Sect was not high, and she had no choice but to follow the Sect Leader's commands, or she would face punishment according to the sect's rules.

"To deal with a minor third-grade sect like Dragon Tiger Palace, I alone am enough! Shijun, Shijie, you two stay here and get closer to these two little girls!"

As Qiu Heming spoke, he circulated his cultivation technique, summoning the Wind Essence Qi, and stepped on the flowers and trees without touching the ground, soaring into the air as swiftly as a startled swan, disappearing without a trace in an instant.

Although Reflection Valley was surrounded by formation restrictions, they could only trap Vast Level Martial Artists, not a Cosmic Level Expert like Qiu Heming.

The disciples of Swiftwind Valley cultivated in wind system martial arts techniques, and when it came to the speed of their movement technique, they were much stronger than other martial artists of the same level. The more powerful Swiftwind Valley disciples could even fly against the wind for a short time, a feat unattainable by other martial artists.

In Qiu Heming's eyes, since Swiftwind Valley had entered into an alliance marriage with Xuannv Sect, the two were essentially allies, and as the stronger party, it was only natural for Swiftwind Valley to provide protection to the weaker Xuannv Sect. Thus, when he learned that Dragon Tiger Palace and other four sects had joined forces to attack Xuannv Sect, Qiu Heming did not stand idly by.

The battle between the five great sects and Xuannv Sect was like a conflict between five groups of sheep, and once Qiu Heming, with Cosmic Level intermediate strength, joined in, it was akin to a fierce tiger entering a flock of sheep, capable of changing the outcome of the battle.

"Qian Jiao, Baimei, take good care of yourselves..."

Linghu Hongyan cast a deep look at the Linghu sisters before she too soared towards the sect gate to join the battle.

This battle was the biggest crisis Xuannv Sect had faced since its founding. Everything related to the survival of the sect, including nearly ten thousand Xuannv Sect disciples, including Sect Leader Yang Ruojun, had all been thrown into the fight.

Under normal circumstances, the Linghu sisters, although facing punishment, would also be temporarily released to join in defending their sect in such a crisis. But at this moment, the sisters were held back by the Feng brothers from Swiftwind Valley and could only stay in Reflection Valley.

Once Qiu Heming left, the oppressive aura he released immediately dissipated, and the Linghu sisters felt a lightness on their bodies as if a great burden had been lifted, allowing them to breathe a sigh of relief.

Seeing Feng Shijun and Feng Shijie looking at them greedily, as if ready to pounce at any moment, Hu Baimei's thoughts raced. Suddenly, she pursed her lips and smiled, asking, "Do you two senior brothers truly wish to become martial dao companions with us sisters?"

With that smile blooming like spring flowers, full of charm, the Feng brothers were spellbound, their eyes glazed over in fascination.

Feng Shijie, who had long had his eyes on Hu Baimei, was itching with eagerness, rubbing his hands together and nodding repeatedly, saying, "Yes! Of course! We've traveled thousands of miles just for the chance to become martial dao companions with you two sisters!"

Hu Baimei smiled again and asked, "Do you two senior brothers know, for martial dao companions who cultivate together, what kind of combination brings the greatest benefit to both parties' cultivation?"

Feng Shijun snapped his fan shut and said, "It's naturally martial dao companions who are emotionally and mentally in tune that benefit the most in cultivation. This is something every martial artist in the True Martial Realm knows!"

"Right! Emotionally and mentally in tune! It must be genuine. If one-sided, the cultivation together will yield much less effective results!"

Feng Shijie said, "Not long ago, when I was out gaining experience, I met a female Loose Cultivator with decent talent and wanted to make her my martial dao companion. But she actually rejected me. In my frustration, I forcibly cultivated together with her, and as a result, there was hardly any improvement in strength, and I wasted her Perfect Body's Prime Yin... Sigh, had I known, I would not have been so hasty and should have slowly cultivated our relationship..."

He sighed deeply, his face full of frustration.

"You, of all people, presume to talk about emotions?"

Linghu Baimei and Linghu Qianjiao looked at Feng Shijie with disdainful eyes, their hearts filled with even greater revulsion toward these Feng brothers.

"Right, only martial companions who truly connect emotionally can benefit each other in cultivation. It's good that you two brothers understand this."

Linghu Baimei smiled and then asked, "So, do you brothers want us sisters to willingly become your martial companions, or do you intend to force us into submission?"

Feng Shijun said, "Of course, willingly."

Feng Shijie added, "Yes, willingly! You sisters are one in ten thousand with Innate Spiritual Roots, and both with Perfect Bodies. If we cannot cultivate together with emotional connection, then we would truly be squandering Heaven's gifts!"

Linghu Baimei's eyes danced as she said, "I have a small request. If you brothers agree, then we sisters will willingly become your martial companions and together seek the ultimate Martial Dao."

Feng Shijun opened his fan and waved it grandly, magnanimously saying, "What request? Speak your mind. Our Swiftwind Valley is a second-rank major sect of this era. There's nothing we can't do!"

"I know what your request is!"

Feng Shijie let out a sly chuckle, presumptuously saying, "You sisters must hate your sect leader for locking you up in Reflection Valley, right? My guess is you want us brothers to strike against your sect leader, to vent your anger, right? That... might be difficult... Elder Qiu might not agree..."

Linghu Baimei shook her head and said, "What I want you to do is much simpler. It should be a trivial matter for you."

Feng Shijun said, "Stop beating around the bush and tell us. Our brothers will take care of it."

Linghu Baimei spoke with gravity, "I've heard that Swiftwind Valley's disciples are spread throughout the True Martial Realm and are well-informed. We sisters would like you to find someone for us. His name is Fang Bai..."

The Feng brothers were smiling moments before, but the mention of "Fang Bai" changed their expressions instantly.

"Fang Bai... Is he the martial companion you were talking about just now?"

Feng Shijun's brows furrowed, and he waved his folding fan more vigorously, a hint of anger on his face.

Feng Shijie yelled, "No way! We won't look for him! If that guy is your martial companion, then he is our rival in love! Hmph, if I ever meet him, I'll slap him to death!"

Linghu Qianjiao was about to retort with a cold snort, but Linghu Baimei stopped her with a glance.

"I lied to you just now!"

Linghu Baimei sighed deeply and said, "Actually... Fang Bai is the only family we sisters have left in this world. We were separated by an accident and have no idea where he is now..."